







THE NEW WOMAN.

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But then the thought of her father's

reformer before the day when after

her mother died and they were travel-

ling westward over the vast and seem-

ingly interminable prairies with the

vagaries, how, many a time, to please

and soothe her to sleep, he would walk

for miles alongside the wagons with

her in his arms; how he had helped to

turn and tend her, with all the deep

seated tenderness and devotion that his

nature was capable of; how he would

unleash from his scolding, stern

mouth and gather flowers and play with

her on the prairie for hours together; so

that she might not miss the companion-

ship of other children; how her slight-

est wish seemed his proud privilege to

perform; how he had nursed her

through long sleepless nights of illness

and even that for her; how he had

waited for her, when she came to the

prairie, as the Sackatchewan, in the

fact she knew was a spirit of self-sac-

rifice, in that she might not grow

up ignorant as many of the children

in that great lone land. Even now, if

her father had broken the laws of the

country, something told her it was no

need of gain on his part—personally

he was the most unselfish of men—

that had led her to this, but that his

mother might be able to bring her

into a sphere of life which would be

more congenial than the present one.

And, father, father!" she repeated, "I

will, as the image of his kindly, true

form face before her from that

wonderful magic mirror of the mind,

and which she knew loved to see her.

One course lay open to her, and she

did not hesitate to contemplate it, where

only the matter of her own personal

safety and physical well being were

concerned. Her eyes were undimmed

now; rising, she went toward the

door and looked out.

"Do you think we shall have much

of a blizzard?" she inquired.

"It is impossible to say, but I hope

not to be answered."

Then, as if it were in answer to some

project she had just communicated to

her, she continued:

"But you must not think of going

out in such a storm; you would lose

your way before you went 60 yards.

Besides, if the inspector thought you

meditated any such thing, he would not

scruple to put you under some embar-

assing restraint."

"Does that man control my move-

ments?" she asked somewhat indignantly.

"The day is past when the North-

west mounted police relegated to them-

selves rights that even the Russian po-

lice would hardly dare to take."

"No," he answered, humbly, coming

to the window and standing upon the

ledge, "but you must recollect that he

is not a man."

"I understand, and will spare you

the pain of the admission."

"Thanks. I wish I could help you,"

he continued, "but you can understand

my position. I am a blonde in my

own eyes now, telling you what I have

done."

Still he kept his eyes averted from

hers and tried to concentrate his gaze

upon the hurrying snowflakes, but that

was a difficult thing to do.

And now the girl turned herself for

her self imposed task. As if to fix his

attention she placed one hand lightly

upon his arm, and he was forced to look

at her. Somehow, to him, this seemed

a natural and simple action which

he knew it was a dangerous

and fatal thing for him, to look at her,

and bowing his head over it lightly

pressed it to his lips, and she knew that

he had granted her request.

And then he left her abruptly.

CHAPTER V.

When Marie was left alone, she

for a long time gazing out upon the

external world pre-occupied. But she

never said a word for her eyes had

been fixed upon the face of the

inspector when he had kissed her

hand, she had not noticed with her

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